A Biographical Sketch

OF

Thomas Walton Patton

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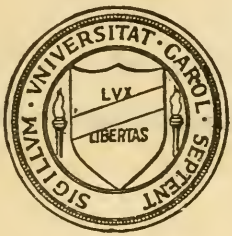

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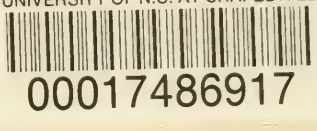
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Thomas Walton Patton

Born May 8th, 1841
Died November 6th, 1907

A Biographical Sketch

By
Fanny L. Patton, Asheville, N. C.

"Write me as one who loves his fellow men."

"The world was his country, to do good his religion."

1908

Yours truly
W. W. Patton

Duty !

Sublimest theme of bard or seer !
Twin mate of love, arch enemy of fear !
Thine was his worship,
Thine his single thought,
And countless deeds his kindly hands have
wrought !

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Thomas Walton Patton

TO understand a man's character and the purpose of his life, it is necessary to go back many years before his birth and gain some knowledge of the ancestry and conditions which contributed towards making him what he was.

The Pattons were originally Scotch people of good stock, but the immediate branch of the family under consideration moved to the north of Ireland The founder of the family in America was James Patton, born February 13th, 1756, in the Parish of Tamlichte, county of Derry. His father died in 1742, leaving him the third son of a family of eight sons and two daughters. James, at the age of twenty-seven years, as he quaintly expresses it, "obtained his mother's consent to come to America for the purpose of procuring the necessary means of bringing herself and family to this land of liberty where they would no longer feel the oppression of high rents and haughty landlords."

This was in 1783, the passage from Lairn to Philadelphia taking two months. After many vicissitudes James succeeded in his purpose and sent for his mother, brothers and sisters. Some of these settled in Philadelphia, others in Tennessee, and some in

South Carolina; all becoming prominent citizens of their respective localities. The mother and younger brothers with one sister followed James into North Carolina and eventually to Asheville; Jane, the young sister, married Col. Andrew Erwin, and later moved to Tennessee. To quote from the autobiography of James Patton, "Col. Erwin and myself were in partnership for twenty years and made a complete dissolution in one day, to the astonishment of every person of understanding. As he was the active partner, I told him to make a division of the whole, accompanied with a statement on paper, and give me my choice, which he did; and in this way we came to an amicable settlement at once."

Jane Patton Erwin's daughter, Jane, married first, Thomas Yeatman of Nashville and was the mother of James Erwin Yeatman of St. Louis, the hero of Winston Churchill's book, "The Crisis." After Mr. Yeatman's death she married Hon. John Bell, then Speaker of the House of Representatives in Congress, afterwards Secretary of War, and later the candidate for the Presidency when Lincoln was elected in 1860. Had the advocates of "Bell and Everett" been successful in electing them the war would probably have been averted and some amicable adjustment of the difficutlies between the sections reached.

The other sister married a Mr. Campbell, of Pennsylvania.

James Patton married a daughter of Francis Reynolds, one of the first settlers on the Yadkin river

in Wilkes county, N. C., by whom he had eleven children. James W. Patton, the eldest son, was born February 13, 1803, and inherited all his father's sterling characteristics. This father left a large estate, undivided, and only a note to his eldest son asking him to divide it among his brothers and sisters as he deemed best. It is a remarkable record that this was done to the entire content and satisfaction of every one. James W. Patton acquired a very large fortune and married first, Clara, a daughter of Mr. Thomas Walton, of Burke county. The children of this marriage were James Alfred (first honor man of class of '51 at Chapel Hill), and William Augustus, both of whom fell victims to the diseases of camp life while in the Confederate service, and died in 1862. Mr. Patton's second wife was Henrietta Kerr, of Charleston, S. C., by whom he had two children, Thomas Walton and Fanny Louisa. "No man ever lived and died more respected and beloved than James W. Patton. His sound business judgment, strict integrity and kindly disposition made hosts of friends, while his social position and wealth made him a power for good in his section of country." He died in December, 1861.

We thus see that Thomas W. Patton inherited from his father's side many of those traits which made him what he was. We will now glance at his ancestry on the mother's side.

Her father was Andrew Kerr, born in Kelso, Scotland, September 6th, 1759, of the famous Kerr clan of which Walter Scott writes so much. He was be-

lieved to be the most direct descendant of the Dukes of Roxborough. The direct line in this family in Scotland becoming extinct, the Crown appointed a successor from a collateral branch. Andrew Kerr, having emigrated to America, and being happily and successfully established, made no effort to enforce his rights—a difficult thing to do in those troublous times. He married Margaret Hill, daughter of Captain Duncan Hill (who died in Charleston in 1799), and of Elizabeth Lyons Hill, his wife (who died in 1802). Margaret Hill, like her mother, was a famous beauty and it was said of Andrew Kerr that he possessed the most beautiful wife, the handsomest residence, and the finest ship in Charleston. In one year he lost the ship by capture, in the War of 1812, the house by fire, and his wife by accident. She was accompanying her eldest daughter to her first ball when her carriage was upset by a pair of frightened horses running into it from behind. Both ladies were so seriously injured that they died soon afterwards.

Andrew and Margaret Kerr left five daughters and two sons; Henrietta, the fourth daughter, was born November 6th, 1806. She was a woman of unusual strength and beauty of character. With sound common sense she united great sympathy and generosity of nature, and a strong strain of the romance and mysticism of Bonnie Scotland. William

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NOTE.—*For genealogy of American branch of Kerr family refer to Pilgrim & Philips, successors to Atkinson and Pilgrim, lawyers, No.* 17 *Coleman St., London, England.*

Wallace and Robert Bruce were her heroes and the writings of Sir Walter Scott her constant companions, a volume being always found in her work basket. It was from his mother that Thomas inherited, and at her knee he acquired his intense passion of patriotism and devotion to the highest ideals. In spite of Mrs. Patton's love of poetry and romance, her clear business sense was such that her eldest step-son would often say with pride, "Mother is the best business man I know;" while her husband always consulted her about his affairs, and acknowledged that he had never gone contrary to her advice without afterwards regretting it.

Of such parentage was Thomas Walton Patton, born in Asheville, N. C., May 8th, 1841, and named for a half-brother, a very lovely and attractive child who had died a few months before. His name endeared Thomas to the grandparents of his namesake, Mr. and Mrs. Walton, of Morganton, with whom he spent part of every summer during his boyhood, and whom he always called "Grandpa" and "Grandma."

Mr. James Patton made a companion of his young son Thomas and while he was still a boy, would take him with him on his trips to South Carolina, Alabama and Florida, in which states he had large business interests. The lad was made to attend to the purchase of tickets, checking of baggage and other details affecting the comfort of travel, and his father also confided to him the particular matter of business upon which he was engaged. The practical knowledge of affairs thus gained was of infinite value in after life.

Thomas was educated by Col. Stephen Lee at his famous school for boys in Chunn's Cove, and, perhaps, some of the controlling influences of his life came from this thorough educator and man of chivalrous honor. Many of his schoolmates remained his warm friends in after life.

Another strong formative influence came from the interest and companionship of that great and good man of God, Bishop Atkinson. It was a custom of the Bishop and Mrs. Atkinson to spend a portion of every summer as the guests of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Patton, in their beautiful home, the present Y. W. C. A. building, "The Henrietta," on South Main street. The Bishop, after paying his friends a visit, would leave Mrs. Atkinson with them while he made his laborious journeys through the mountains. He would often take Thomas with him and this close companionship with such a magnetic nature could but arouse the highest and noblest in the boy's nature.

Thomas was graduated from Col. Lee's school in 1860 and he then went to Charleston to acquire a business training in the office of his uncle, Thomas Kerr, a successful cotton factor. He lived in the family of his uncle, a man of considerable wealth and influence, and he there made many acquaintances whose friendship enriched his after life.

In Mr. Kerr's office at the same time were his young son Charles and another young man, Hall T. McGee, all of the same age, and the three lads vied with each other in their loyal devotion to Mr. Kerr,

from whom they received great kindness and valuable training. A peculiarly warm friendship grew up between the young men and though the trio was broken by the early death of Charles Kerr, who was killed in battle in 1864, Thomas and McGee continued devoted friends through life.

Before Thomas could carry out his father's wish of a college course at Chapel Hill, the war clouds burst over the doomed land. At the age of nineteen, he enlisted in the Buncombe Rifles, in April, 1861, and marched away to Raleigh, where his company, of which his brother James was a lieutenant, was incorporated into the 1st N. C. regiment and being hurried on to Virginia, fought at Bethel, the first battle of the great Civil War.

This was the first great question in the court of morals or ethics that Thomas W. Patton was called upon to decide for himself, and, although his decision was doubtless largely influenced by the temper of the community in which he resided, he never afterwards, in years of maturity, doubted for one instant that his decision had been the right and only one he could have made under the circumstances. (And now, after the lapse of a half century, few will be found in this broad land who will say his decision was wrong).

The First regiment had enlisted for six months only, it being believed it would take only that time "to whip out the Yankees," and upon the expiration of that time, the men returned home and immediately re-enlisted "for the war." Thomas, promptly, and

largely at his own expense, raised and equipped a company of which he, though still so young, was elected first lieutenant. In a few months he was promoted to captain and in command of "Company C. of the famous old 60th N. C. troops," he continued until the surrender of the Army of Tennessee by Gen. Joseph E. Johnson at Greensboro, N. C., April, 1865.

For four long years, following the flag of the Confederacy through heat and cold, ragged, often barefooted and almost starving, through many pitched battles and countless skirmishes, this young soldier never faltered in devotion to his duty.

The 60th N. C. regiment was part of the Army of Tennessee, and Captain Patton participated in most of the battles in which that army was engaged, the bloodiest and most decisive of these being the Battle of Chickamauga, September 20th, 1864. He was in the immortal charge which broke the Federal lines in that desperate struggle. At the head of sixty vigorous men composing Company C., he was the only one of that gallant band able to answer roll call when that frightful contest was over.

It was during this campaign and while the army lay in front of Atlanta, that he had one of those narrow escapes which seemed to be his fortune. Though several times struck by spent balls, he was never wounded in battle. On this occasion he was lying on the hill side enduring that hardest of a soldier's duties, lying idle under fire, when a ball struck a comrade close by his side, shattered his hip, bounced over Capt. Patton, and went through the heel of the man

close on his other side. It is said that during the last year of the war he was under fire every day; and when it is remembered that, after having been hurried from in front of Atlanta to fight the battle of Franklin, Tenn., Johnson's army, then under Hood, was hurried back to the Carolinas to hurl their broken ranks against the victorious Sherman, it is probable that the statement is almost literally true. Certain it is that from Bethel to Bentonville he won as he ever afterwards worthily wore, the proud title of "Captain," than which none can be higher to the one who deserved to bear it as did Thomas W. Patton. His kindness to his men and care of them often at great self-sacrifice won their faithful devotion, which continued until the survivors followed him to his grave a half century afterwards.

In 1862, having obtained a short furlough, Capt. Patton was married at Greensboro, Alabama, to Annabella Beaty Pearson, a niece of Chief Justice Pearson, who was considered the greatest judicial mind that ever adorned the bench of the Old North State. Of this union two children were born, both dying in infancy.

The war rolled on, carrying ruin and suffering in its wake. After participating in the Battle of Bentonville, thus being in the first and last fights of the war, Capt. Patton determined not to surrender with the Army of Tennessee, but to make his way home from Greensboro. He started, accompanied by his faithful negro man Sam, who had followed his footsteps through all those bitter years. They had an

old, broken-down army horse, and, by "riding and tieing," they made their way into the mountains; but somewhere near Rutherfordton they were captured by a detachment of Federal troops under Col. Palmer, by whom Capt. Patton was paroled and allowed to pursue his way, but without the assistance of the old horse, which was "confiscated." After various adventures he reached, one night, the home of his old friend, Mr. Alexander Robertson, near the present village of Arden. There he was cordially received and his anxiety relieved by news of his family's safety. At daylight the next morning, after a breakfast of corn bread and milk, all that this once wealthy gentleman had to offer, he was speeded on his way, Mr. Robertson walking some distance with him to guide him through the woods to escape the lawless bands of pillagers from the Federal army, which were infesting the roads. When Mr. Robertson returned it was to see lying on the road side the dead body of his son-in-law, Capt. Allen, a gallant soldier, but now surrendered and paroled. He had been shot down without provocation, by the very men from whom Capt. Patton had escaped by Mr. Robertson's thoughtful care.

Thus he made his way back to his once happy home to find poverty where once had been wealth, devastation where once had been prosperity; his father's house occupied by the Federal troops, and his widowed mother, his young wife and sister and his aunt taking refuge with friends scarcely less destitute than themselves, and fed by faithful negroes

with provisions concealed by them from the ravages of "the Yankees."

In 1866 Capt. Patton determined to seek his fortune on a cotton plantation in Alabama, given to his wife by her aunt's husband, Col. Croom of Greensboro, and adjoining one owned by his father's estate. Cotton was selling very high at that time, and he hoped to make a living for those dependent upon him. But this move proved disastrous. He found it impossible to control strange negroes in those dreadful reconstruction times, the crop was a failure, his wife died, followed soon by the last little child, and he became such a victom to malaria that his health, which had withstood all the hardships of camp life, was completely wrecked. It is characteristic of the man that although he received a handsome offer for the plantation which he had inherited from his wife through his child, he gave the place back to the Croom family (Col. Croom was then dead), and returned to Asheville without a dollar. Here he went to work vigorously, in spite of wretched health, to build up a mercantile business in partnership with his father's old friend, Mr. Albert Summey. But the settlement of his father's estate demanded most of his time and attention. Owing to the death of his two older brothers, this large and complicated business was in the hands of Mr. Nicholas Woodfin, his father's life-time friend. Mr. Woodfin was a brilliant criminal lawyer and a man of the highest personal integrity, but he was not able to cope with the difficulties of the situation alone and required the

aid of a younger man. "By the self-sacrficing labors of Thomas Patton every debt was paid and no one suffered by reason of his, or her, confidence in the integrity of James W. Patton, a name that will be honored in Buncombe county long after his children and children's children have gone to their reward. But this gratifying result could only be brought about by the voluntary surrender by his children of all interest in his estate. To them the good name of their father was more precious than riches, 'yea, than much fine gold.'"

In April, 1871, Capt. Patton married Martha Bell Turner, a daughter of James Calder Turner, a distinguished civil engineer from whose plans and under whose directions the railroad between Asheville and Salisbury was constructed. Of this most happy union two children were born, Josie Buel, married to Haywood Parker, and Francis McLeod, a forester in the United States government service.

In 1867 Thomas Patton advised his mother to exchange her dower interest in the estate of his father for a fee simple title to a piece of unimproved land known as Camp Patton (it having been used by both the Confederate and Federal troops). On this land he built the house at what is now the corner of Chestnut and Charlotte streets. In this house his children and grand-children have been born and he continued to occupy it for thirty-eight years, until his death. It appealed to the romantic side of his nature that his grand-children should occupy a piece

of ground which had never passed out of the family since his grandfather purchased it in 1806.

Baptized in infancy by the Rev. Mr. Barnwell, of South Carolina, he remained all his life "a faithful soldier and servant" of his Lord Jesus Christ. Thomas Patton's high standard of personal integrity and unselfish devotion to the best interests of those with whom he came in contact as friend or as fellow-citizen, was due not only to inherited qualities, but to deep religious principle.

James W. Patton, his father, while most generous and indulgent to his children, demanded unquestioned obedience in certain things. One of these was prompt and regular attendance upon public worship, and it was one of the things for which his children afterwards rose up and called him blessed. This habit was one his son never lost and wherever he was, and under whatever circumstances he found himself when Sunday came, he always betook himself to some house of God. Confirmed by Bishop Cobb in Alabama during the war, upon his return to Asheville, he threw himself with zeal into the life of Trinity Parish—the parish his parents and aunt had founded. In 1867 we find him in attendance upon the Diocesan Convention in Wilmington and during the rest of his life there were few of these annual meetings he failed to attend. Licensed as lay reader by Bishop Atkinson in 1867, he did faithful and most acceptable service in Trinity and the missions surrounding, especially those at Haw Creek and Beaver Dam. As superintendent of the Sunday school, ves-

tryman and warden, he was ever a true pillar of the church. In writing of him a friend says: "He is neither high church nor low church, but tolerant of both factions. It makes no difference to him what colors are used on the altar or whether there are flowers or crosses, or whether there are genuflections at certain places in the liturgy or not. Whatever forms or ceremonies best enable a man or woman to express his or her worship of the Heavenly Father is, in his opinion, the best for that worshipper. If the Rector faces east during the recital of the creed or remains with his side face to the congregation it matters not to Capt. Patton. If a communicant kneels and devoutly crosses himself before the service or bends the knee at the mention of the name of our Saviour, Capt. Patton respects the motive which prompts the outward expression of faith and devotion, and calmly continues his worship in his own way." A personal love and loyalty to his Saviour, Jesus Christ, was the guiding principle of his life and as far as in him lay he followed the footsteps of the Master.

Every charitable undertaking found in him a ready helper. When it was found best that the Asheville Mission Hospital should have a local habitation of its own, he, with his friend Lawrence Pulliam, bought the property now owned by that institution at the corner of Charlotte and Woodfin streets, making himself personally responsible for the purchase money which he borrowed from personal friends. He continued a valued advisor of the hospital board ever afterwards. From its inception

he was a member of the committee in charge of the Buncombe County Children's Home, and gave valuable services in finding homes for, and afterwards keeping in touch with these helpless little wards of the county; and this was done no less faithfully and wisely for the colored children than for the white.

He was the first to suggest the establishment here of a home where erring and fallen girls could go and by gentle and loving care be brought back to the paths of virtuous womanhood, and he ever afterwards aided the enterprise by his means and helpful advice. He assisted in the establishment of the Y. M. C. A., to which he was a liberal subscriber, and of which he was a director. He made it possible to begin the work of the Y. W. C. A. in opening a boarding house for self-suporting women. Through his generosity the Library Association became possessed of its valuable property on Church street. It is not too much to say that every philanthropic enterprise in Asheville largely owes its being to his broad sympathy and wise care. While devoted to his own church, his heart was big enough to take in all good work done by Christians of every name. He was a valued advisor in the noble educational work done by the Presbyterians. His office was the Mecca towards which turned the steps of all those who were doing the Master's service and also all those who were weary and heavy laden—the sinful and the sorrowing. He was not content to pray for those in prison, but gave much time to visiting the jails and his wisdom and kindness were manifest in the fact that he was the

friend and advisor of the jailors no less than the prisoners. The condition of the Federal prisoners engaged his helpful aid in large measure. Men, arrested on vague suspicion of violating the revenue laws—laws they neither knew nor could understand, brought away from their families whose sole support they were, and herded in over-crowded jails to wait long months for trial, touched him deeply. He not only exerted his influence with the Federal judges to prevent the unsanitary crowding, but by painstaking investigation he obtained the release upon bond of many of these poor men. Nothing gave him more pleasure than to tell of the numbers of men upon whose bond he had gone who came back for trial, walking many weary miles over the mountains to give themselves up that 'the Captain" should suffer no loss through them. For many years a portion of every Sunday was spent at the jails and convict camp, distributing newspapers and magazines and taking notes for letters which he would afterwards write to friends of these unfortunates.

When elected county commissioner in 1878, he made it his first duty to visit the county paupers, whom he found "farmed out" to the lowest bidder and living in huts far from a public road or any possibility of public inspection. This was at once changed, and with the aid of his friend Mr. Pease, he had the paupers moved into new and sanitary quarters near town where they were visited by himself and other kind friends. Nothing could be more touching than to see the eager joy which would

light up the faces of these waifs and strays of humanity when "The Captain" was seen coming with pockets bulging with gifts of tobacco, knitting yarn and sewing materials—each one remembered, and a gift for each to brighten the weary days.

While never a prohibitionist, he was the friend and advisor of the good women of the W. C. T. U. He endeavored to be strictly temperate in all things and while not hesitating to offer a glass of wine or spirits to a friend whose habits he knew prevented its being a temptation, he strictly forbade its appearance in his house on general gatherings. Several habitual drunkards owe their reformation to his patient, perservering love and help.

That there has been no manifestation of race prejudice in this section is largely due to Capt. Patton's influence. A slave-owner himself and the son of slave-owners, he understood the negro character perfectly, and his attitude towards them was that of the kindly consideration of the olden time. He appreciated their good qualities while recognizing their limitations and the negroes knew him to be their friend and trusted him. They served him with fidelity and mourned him with deep sincerity. He not only treated them with justice himself, but saw to it that others did so as well. His sense of the obligation of the "privileged classes" to those less privileged was so great that any oppression or tyranny of the strong over the weak aroused his hot indignation. It was said of him that "he chose to live beside the road that he might help his fellow man."

Mr. Patton was frequently honored by the suffrages of his fellow citizens, having been elected alderman, tax collector, county commissioner, mayor; and he was appointed a member of the tax commission, of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, and of the Board of Examiners of Institutions. He was secretary-treasurer of the first water, gas, electric light and street railway companies in Asheville. At one time he edited and controlled "The Citizen;" was superintendent of the Street Railway Co., and was director in several banks. He was guardian of many minors and administrator of several estates. On two occasions estates were willed to him without any restrictions and in both cases they were administered so entirely for the best interests of the legal heirs as to secure not only their entire content, but their lasting gratitude. * "His business judgment seemed unerring, and he is reckoned as the ablest financier who has ever made his home in our city."

Capt. Patton was never a partizan in politics. When the war was over he cast in his fortunes with the Democratic party in general poltics, but when the men or measures advocated by that party seemed to him not the best, he never hesitated to vote as his conscience dictated. In the best sense of the word he was an independent citizen. When, in 1893, he considered that the city administration was extravagant, if not actually corrupt, he did not hesitate one

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**This was said of him by the prominent business men of the city who were familiar with his work at this period.*

instant, but declared himself an independent candidate for mayor. He was overwhelmingly elected, and gave the city an administration that for economy, honesty, progressiveness and efficiency has never been equalled. He reduced expenses by one-half without in the least diminishing the efficiency of the public service. The streets were cleaner, the police more active, the accounts more accurately kept and the property of the city more carefully guarded and protected than ever before. He had a new city charter prepared which was granted by the Legislature and is a model of its kind. He had an inventory made of all city property, and held the head of each department responsible for its safe-keeping. He had all the floating debts carefully investigated and accurately determined. He closed up as far as possible all pending litigation, and so systematized and arranged all the finances of the city affairs that any citizen could determine, at a glance, not only the city's expenses, but its liabilities and its income from all sources. So well satisfied were the citizens generally with his first administration that they gave him a second term almost unanimously. Captain Patton's compensation for the services that were worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to Asheville, was a little less than eighty-one cents per diem!

In keeping with his belief that the way to secure temperance and morality is not only by education and public sentiment, but by personal influence, when nearly three score years of age and just thirty-seven years after he enlisted in the 1st N. C. Volun-

teers for the Civil War, he enlisted in the 1st N. C. Volunteers for the War with Spain. This was in April, 1898, the first enlistment having been in April, 1861, and by a curious coincidence he left Asheville on both occasions on the same day of the same month. Then he wore the gray and marched under the stars and bars of the Southern Confederacy, now he wore the blue and marched under the stars and stripes of the United States; but on both occasions he went as a private in the ranks.

In Raleigh he was commissioned by Governor Russell, adjutant of a battalion in the 1st N. C. regiment. In this office he served a year, a considerable portion of which time was spent with his regiment near Havana. Just as the 1st N. C. regiment fought the first battle of the Civil War, so it was the first to occupy Havana in the Spanish-American War. But there the parallel ends. In the Civil War he volunteered in defense of his native State to which he had been taught his first allegiance was due. While in the Spanish war he volunteered to be with the young men who were about to subject themselves to the privations and temptations of a life in camp, and, as he feared, on the field of battle. He did not delude himself with the belief that his country needed his services as a mere soldier, with sword or rifle, but he did believe that his experience in camp and battle could be made beneficial to the young men of his native city. This is the whole story. He went with this object in view and he never lost sight of it for a single instant.

That he was a prime favorite with the officers of the entire regiment and will always hold a warm place in the hearts of the members of Company F. (of Asheville), with whom he was especially popular, is strong proof that he had ample opportunity to make his influence and example felt; and, whether he failed or not, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he strove for the realization of a high ideal.

There are still living private soldiers of old Company C. of the Civil War period who will tell you that although Capt. Patton was not required to bear a musket on the long and dreary marches, he was never seen without one at least, on his shoulder, and often two or three. They were not his muskets, but those of half sick and wholly weary comrades who were too weak to stagger along under the weight of blanket, haversack and canteen. And there are young privates of Company F. of the Spanish-American war period who will tell you similar tales with regard to themselves. And there are others who will tell you that when they learned the reason that impelled this war-worn veteran to enlist as a private soldier when nearly three score years of age, they determined that they would show by their conduct that they were not unmindful of his unselfish sacrifice in their behalf and they shaped their lives in accordance with what they believed he would approve. They have no doubt that his last enlistment in the cause of humanity and true manhood was more potent for good, though no blood was shed by the 1st

N. C., than his first enlistment, when blood flowed like water from Bethel to Bentonville.

Not limiting his interests to the men of his own regiment, his tent was headquarters for the members of The Brotherhood of St. Andrew of the entire army. Himself a devoted Brotherhood man, he extended a loving hand to all.

Upon the termination of the Spanish-American war he returned to Asheville, where he was received with every demonstration of affectionate gratitude by the parents of "his boys" and the citizens generally. At a banquet given the returned soldiers he was presented with a massive and beautiful silver loving cup.

Among the few luxuries Captain Patton allowed himself was that of travel. He was keenly interested in new conditions and new countries. His bright intelligence led him to understand that human nature is ever the same and it is only controlling influences that make the differences in peoples. With an intense appreciation of the beauties of nature, fed by his life in the mountains, he greatly enjoyed his visits to different sections of his own country and of Europe. He crossed the Atlantic twice; first with a party of friends in 1888 and again, taking his family with him, in 1892. On both occasions his letters were published in the city papers and enjoyed by his many friends at home.

He was a man who cared little for wealth and nothing at all for the prestige wealth can give. He was content to give his family every comfort and

convenience for their simple way of living and his house was always open to visitors of every class. His old war comrades and friends from the coves of the mountains were just as welcome and received with even greater consideration than the many distinguished men from the different sections of his own country and of England, who enjoyed his cordial hospitality. He chose his friends entirely for what they were, and not for what they possessed.

In general Capt. Patton enjoyed excellent health, due doubtless no less to his varied interests than to his simple habits and constant exercise in the open air. But in 1901 he met with an accident, while surveying land on the side of the mountain, which resulted in a violent attack of blood poison. Only by the devoted and skillful services of his friend and physician, Dr. W. D. Hilliard, were his life and limb saved; but the illness sapped his strength and he was never so well again. The last winters of his life were spent in Florida. In 1904 he purchased a home in Dunedin on the Gulf coast and to this he took his family to avoid the cold of winter in the mountains, and to this home he welcomed his friends with the same open-handed hospitality. Although only among them a few months of a few years, the friends he made in Florida mourn him as sincerely as those in North Carolina.

Unexpectedly, at last came the summons, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

In October, 1907, an acute illness set in, and

when this did not yield to treatment, it was determined to take him to Philadelphia to secure the services of a celebrated specialist. He was accompanied by his devoted wife and physician, and joined in Philadelphia by his son who was then taking a post-graduate course at Yale University. But human skill was of no avail, and this servant of God was called to go up higher, before the infirmities of age had lessened his activities or weakened his powers. The end, which came November 6th, was such as befitted his life—calm, clear and happily contented, and with the ministrations of his beloved church. Far from his own people, it was given to him to receive for his last journey the strengthening bread and wine at the gentle hand of a Southern gentleman, the Rev. J. Henning Nelms.

He was brought back to his mountain home and met at the station in Asheville by the city officials, and the vestry of Trinity Church, as well as his two dearly loved friends, the Rev. McNeely DuBose, and the Rev. Alexander Mitchell, with others, who had come long distances to look once more upon his face.

Carried to his house he rested there embowered in lovely flowers and surrounded by friends who came to do him reverence. The next day he was borne to the church he had loved and served so faithfully and thence to Riverside cemetery, which he had been instrumental in planning and beautifying. As his sympathies had known no distinctions of race, color or class, so the outburst of grief was universal, and one looking into the faces of the throngs which

lined the streets and crowded round the church, could see that no idle curiosity, but deepest love and grief had brought them there.

Every mark of public respect was shown. The United States District Court, which was in session at the time, was adjourned after eloquent and feeling remarks upon the public services of Mr. Patton by the presiding judge, Hon. James E. Boyd. A special meeting of the Board of Aldermen was held, and every city official requested to attend the funeral, while the city bell was ordered to be tolled. Stores were closed and all business suspended during the funeral. The gray-headed veterans of the Great War as well as the vigorous young manhood of the War with Spain, followed his bier. The funeral services were conducted by Bishop Horner and the Reverends McCready, DuBose, Mitchell, Stubbs and Swope. The hymns, which were sung as with one voice by the large congregation, were 636, "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord," and 395, "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," giving the note of triumphant joy so appropriate to this saint who had entered into his reward.

At the cemetery Mr. DuBose read the committal and afterwards was sung the Gloria in Excelsis and hymn 679, "There is a Blessed Home," while the flower-covered casket was slowly lowered by loving hands into the flower-lined grave. And so, with the soft sunshine falling over him like God's benediction, and the blue hills standing sentinel around, we left him in the blessed hope of a joyful resurrection.

Editorials from the City Papers of November 6th, 1907.

THOMAS WALTON PATTON.

The city today mourns the loss of one of her best beloved sons. The people sorrow because a friend, every one's friend, has passed into the great, mysterious beyond; whose form no longer will be seen amongst us, whose affectionate counsel will no longer be heard.

The mission of Thomas Patton on earth, as he saw it, was to help. His interest, for many years past, at any rate, was mainly in the affairs of those who needed help the worst. How many a story of trouble has been poured into his sympathetic ear; how many, in sorrow, in distress of body or mind, have gone to him as a wise and sympathetic brother, certain to receive aid and comfort! His was a practical philanthropy. The most intelligent methods of administering charity and the corrective measures of the state—these problems absorbed much of his time and energy. Although possessing a heart ever open to human need, he could not be called a sentimentalist. He was a conservative. He was never one to join a hue and cry; when there was neglect, wrong or injustice it was his way to set about a careful investigation of the underlying causes. His benefactories were not spectacular; they were quiet, practical, effective.

Being keenly interested in his fellow man, and all that pertained to his welfare and progress, it followed that he was interested in public affairs. On questions of the day his position was often unique; it occurred, not seldom, that he found popular opinion arrayed against him. He did not seek or love such antagonisms, but his own position was never affected thereby. In serenity and dignity he pursued his way toward the ideals that seemed to him best.

The secret, if secret it may be called, of the blessed influence exerted by his life, and the real affection and esteem in which he was held was that he loved his country, his city, his neighbors with a true, unselfish, ennobling affection. And what man has ever occupied just such a place as he occupied in the hearts of the people of Asheville?

He has fought a good fight. He kept the faith. He lived a life in accordance with its own highest conceptions. He was a compass that pointed true. His thoughts, his labors were for God and humanity.—*From Gazette-News.*

T. W. PATTON.

Capt. T. W. Patton is dead, and in his passing the familiar figure of half a century is removed from Asheville. His departure calls sharply to mind the fact that our old landmarks are going, and the pioneers who made a glorious city out of the wilderness leave us one by one. And in these messages of death there is brought the sad knowledge that the places of these men can never again be filled, for the reason that the city which they builded will never again be called upon to encounter the trials, tribulations and dangers which they so successfully surmounted. The grave questions of the community which Mr. Patton and those of his time, who advanced with him step by step, were those questions upon which the life and future of a city depend, and having accomplished their work triumphantly, there is nothing left for us who follow them to do but to perpetuate their deeds and to keep their memories enshrined in our hearts.

Capt. T. W. Patton, citizen, soldier and gentleman, is no more, but he leaves behind him the impress of a man at all times fearless, and seeking favors from none; a man whose political views were not of that nature which are allied to passing waves and only winning issues; he was a man who had ideas and convictions of his own, and once having arrayed himself on the side of a cause which he believed to be right, no power or consideration could move him. Asheville indeed is poorer, much poorer, by his death.

And now he is gone. By the young citizen soldiers in whose company he shared the deprivations and difficulties incidental to military life he will be sadly missed, and to that great body of citizenship which forms the vital part of a municipality his loss will be irreparable.—*From The Citizen.*

Extracts from a few of the Numerous Letters Received by the Family.

From Rev. R. F. Campbell, D. D., *Pastor of First Presbyterian Church of Asheville*:

I cannot let this occasion pass without some expression of my esteem for your lamented husband and of my sympathy with those who long for the "touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still!"

Take him for all in all, Capt. Patton was the first citizen of Asheville—an eminence which he securely held, because, perhaps, above all others he loved the city passionately, as men love mother and home. Asheville was both these to him, born as he was in her lap and happiest under her rooftree. As his mother she bends over his bier, and we, his brothers, feel that much of the light that led us and much of the strength on which we leaned are gone out with him.

Will you let me say—for my heart desires to speak the words—that I admired and loved him, especially for two great characteristics he possessed—his lion-hearted courage and his almost womanly tenderness. "That gentleness which when it weds with manhood makes a man." I could not always agree with him, but I could never withhold my respect for his absolute independence of thought, and my profound admiration for his utter fearlessness of speech. The two were linked together as body and soul—untrammeled convictions clothed upon with words always courteous but never cringing in which was "strength which mates with courtesy."

The other quality was his great-heartedness, his tender sympathy, which reached out wide and gentle arms to the suffering and the sorrowing, especially those who suffer in shame and sorrow in obscurity—the despised and neglected classes of society.

These two characteristics, apparently so opposed, are the two halves which, fitted together, make a rounded manhood, a complete citizenship.

Asheville, November 8, 1907.

Rt. Rev. J. B. Cheshire, D. D. (*after expressions of regret at not being able to come to the funeral*) :

I think I have known no man more disinterestedly devoted to the welfare of others. He is a great loss to the Church, and a great loss to the State. We have few such Churchmen or such citizens, and I am sure you can say, few such fathers or fathers-in-law.

Rt. Rev. Robert Strange, D. D. :

Though I saw him so seldom it was a satisfaction to think that we were living in the same State. What a noble man he was! And how I esteemed his love and friendship! I wish I could have been with you at that time. Oh, my dear lady, what now must be his joy, with his Lord in that bright land above! Of him with peculiar emphasis can we say, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Rev. George Summey, D. D., *Pastor First Presbyterian Church, New Orleans, La.* :

He was one of Nature's noblemen. The world was better for his living in it. His works will follow him.

Rev. W. B. Y. Wilkie, *Pastor Presbyterian Church, Dunedin, Fla.* :

I had learned to love Capt. Patton very much and greatly admired his steadfast Christian character. How he will be missed!

Rev. V. E. Manget, *Methodist Minister from Marietta, Ga.*:

The noble citizen, devoted member of the Church, affectionate brother, loving father and most tender husband, has, as we firmly believe, "entered into rest and his works do follow him."

Dunedin, Fla.

Rev. T. M. N. George, *Rector Episcopal Church, Marietta, Ga.*:

It is indeed a privilege to be brought in contact with such a character as was his, for there are not many such in this world. Strength and gentleness, simplicity and wisdom mercy and truth were mingled in unusual and beautiful proportions in his life. It is a great blessing in the loss of our loved ones to be able to thank God for the wonderful grace and virtue declared in their lives.

Rev. W. T. Capers, *Former Rector of Trinity Church*:

My first impulse was to go at once to you and publicly manifest by my attendance at the services, my deep and loving appreciation of a great citizen and a noble churchman. Only unavoidable circumstances prevented me from this intense desire.

I loved and honored Capt. Patton and regarded him as a man of unusual ability, a patriot, a friend of Jesus, and, consequently a guardian of the needy and distressed—a man of great courage and a friend of great worth. His State and city are richer for his life. There are those now living whose children's children shall date the beginning of their ancestry to the man or woman who was redeemed through the loving kindness of Thomas Walton Patton, a man of God.

Rev. J. A. Deal, *Episcopal Church at Franklin, N. C.*:

Nobly has the undying past earned the rest to which he has gone. We love him well enough to have kept him, God

loves him well enough to call him to peace and the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Rev. B. G. White, *Episcopal Church at Jacksonville, Fla.*:

Looking over my life I count it one of the greatest joys and privileges that I had Capt. Patton as my friend. I have known few men who were as good and true and brave and wise as he was. I thank God that I knew him.

Rev. E. N. Joyner, *Episcopal Church at Tryon, N. C.*:

Long has he been to me one of the truest, best of friends and brothers. And how many can tell you the same, can tell you so out of their hearts, for his heart was so big and warm and generous.

Rev. S. A. Potter, *Episcopal Church, Monkton, Md.*:

Owing to my acquaintance with him while in Florida, I not only respected him very highly indeed, but had also genuine love for him. One of the noblest of men he certainly was—one of the children of the Most High.

Rev. C. M. Gray, *Episcopal Church at St. Petersburg, Fla.*:

We all loved the dear man and he will be sorely missed, but only for a little while, for we will soon follow him and be reunited in the paradise of God.

Rev. A. B. Hunter, *Rector St. Augustine, Raleigh, N. C.*:

The earth is richer for the life he has lived and the life draws us nearer to our heavenly home.

From a distinguished British army officer who served all through the Crimean War and partly through the Indian Mutiny:

Barlow, Derbyshire, England.

The news of your dear husband's death contained in the paper I received this morning has filled my heart with grief.

For I can truly say that there was not a man of whom I saw so little, that I admired and respected so much. * * * I can never forget those three happy days in Holland in 1892, and the same number (all too short) that I spent under his hospitable roof in Asheville in 1903. * * * Our mutual experiences of the hardships and pleasurable excitements—I might almost call it delight— of active army service, drew us together and his participancy in the Spanish campaign fired my old soul.

Mr. James L. Houghteling, *Founder of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew*:

My affection and respect for Captain Patton makes me a mourner with you. He truly was one of the saints, and his part in the world went away beyond the sphere of his personal contact with his fellow men. He was an example in a "naughty world," that Christianity in its truest, simplest form was not only practicable but the only real and satisfying thing there was. I doubt not that hundreds of men have kept some hold of the faith because he lived it in their midst. So, amidst our own sorrow and sense of loss, new courage arises to persevere. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Mr. Silas McBee, *Editor of The Churchman*:

Though the great loss to you and yours, to the Diocese and to the State has not come to my knowledge without delay, I must write now to say how deeply I feel with the family, one and all, in the grievous loss of so noble a life.

Rev. C. E. Jones, *Le Mars, Iowa*:

I do not know if you will remember my name, but you may when I say I had the pleasure of meeting you while we were encamped in Cuba in 1899. * * * I shall always remember with gratitude my acquaintance with Capt. Patton and his kindness to me which extended through the whole

of my service in the volunteers. I know I was only one of many outside his own regiment to whom his friendship at that time was of great value.

Dr. J. A. Reagan, *Weaverville, N. C.*:

Mr. Patton and I were warm friends for over forty years. He visited me nearly every day while I was in the hospital at Asheville, bringing me fruit. He visited the criminals in jail and took them something to read—visited the widows and orphans in cold weather and sent them fuel. He was always ministering to the needy and yet he never published his doings to the world and but few knew the goodness of his heart and the noble Christian work he did.

One who followed him to Paradise less than three months afterwards:

At that wonderful service today I could not help thinking of my poor father and how much more lonely he will be now his good friend has gone; and during the singing of that glorious hymn, "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," the thought came to me that perhaps even now the two who have been so recently removed from the Florida household may be meeting again in that spiritual world where partings are no more.

Biltmore, November 8, 1907.

Resolutions

SPECIAL MEETING OF ALDERMEN.

Mayor Campell this morning called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen for 12 o'clock for the purpose of adopting appropriate resolutions relative to the death of Capt. Patton.

The aldermen in special meeting adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, This Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Asheville have learned with profound regret of the death of Capt. Thomas W. Patton, a former mayor of this city; and,

Whereas, Captain Patton's life was closely interwoven with the history of Asheville, and though a partisan, he was in no sense a politician, and he served the municipality for many years because of the inflexible integrity of his character and the efficiency of his work; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Captain Patton Asheville has lost a good citizen, a man notably public-spirited and of the strictest integrity, one who as mayor and in many other positions of trust and honor, brought clear insight to faithful labors.

Resolved, That we deplore the loss of his widely recognized leadership and authority and extend our sincere sympathies to his family in this hour of their great affliction.

Resolved, That the city officials attend the funeral services in a body and that the city bell be tolled during said services.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, that the same be published in the city press, and entered upon the minutes of this Board.

THE LATE CAPT. PATTON.

Resolutions in Acknowledgment of His Work for Orphan and Destitute Children.

Whereas, Thomas Walton Patton, who died at Philadelphia, Pa., on the 7th day of November, 1907, was the first citizen of Buncombe county to recognize the needs of the orphan and destitute children of our community, and by his personal and family influence seek to provide a remedy therefor, and

Whereas, After long and patient and self-sacrificing effort he at length succeeded in creating a public sentiment for the amelioration of the condition of our suffering little ones, which resulted at first in the establishment of a Children's Home, for a long time maintained solely by private charity, and finally by assistance from the county funds; and

Whereas, The Children's Home, as now constituted, owes its origin, maintenance and present existence to the unselfish and devoted interest of the said Thomas Walton Patton, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Capt. Thomas Walton Patton, the orphan and destitute children of the city of Asheville and the county of Buncombe have lost a friend and benefactor, the cause of humanity and Christianity a brave and consistent champion, and the Children's Home of Buncombe county, as an institution, a wise, far-seeing and benevolent guide, counsellor and friend.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be furnished the city papers for publication and presented to the surviving members of his family in token of our respect and regard for our personal friends, whose loss to us is irretrievable.

C. T. Rawls,
J. P. Howatt,
Dora Doe,
L. B. Penniman,
Rebecca Kimberly,
Committee.

T. W. PATTON.

Confederate Veterans: It is with unusual sadness that I make known to you the death of our loved comrade, Capt. T. W. Patton, and ask you to join me in offering condolence to his bereaved family in their irreparable loss, and to unite in doing honor to his memory in attending in a body his funeral services.

We esteemed Capt. Patton in common with all who knew him, as a most worthy citizen, but there were ties that bound us to him that others knew not, the ties of loving fellow-comradeship, unlike all others and indescribable. Those of us who were in touch with him in the "sixties" as soldiers in the arduous service at Murfreesboro, Tenn., from Jackson to Vicksburg, Miss., at Chicakamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, in the hundred days campaign from Dalton to Atlanta in 1864, and finally at Bentonville, N. C., in '65, know how true he was and how conscientiously he performed every duty, and with what paternal care he watched over the men who were fortunate enough to be under his command.

We bear testimony that no truer soldier had the Confederacy and more loyal in upholding that cause so dear to us, represented by the "Stars and Bars."

Capt. Patton commanded Company "C" of the 60th Reg., North Carolina Volunteers.

The funeral services are supposed to take place at Trinity church, Friday morning at 11 o'clock. Veterans will assemble in Confederate Hall, Friday morning at 10:30.

J. M. Ray.

VESTRY OF TRINITY CHURCH TAKES APPROPRIATE ACTION.

The vestry of Trinity church, of which the late lamented Captain Patton was a member for 64 years, and senior warden for 29 years, assembled at a called meeting at noon to-

day, to take action on his death. The following resolutions were adopted with a rising vote:

Whereas, It hath pleased the gracious Father to take unto himself the soul of our beloved brother, Thomas Walton Patton, and join him to the glorious hosts of the Church Triumphant, therefore be it

Resolved, That we give praise and thanks for the generation of faithful, loyal service that he renderd to the church militant, and especially for the unfailing devotion that helped so largely to uplift and upbuild Trinity Parish.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the 29 years of benefit that this parish received from his guidance as senior warden and also in the precious heritage that he has left unto us of an example of godly life.

Resolved, That we lift our hearts in thanksgiving for his widow, and sister, and children, that they have been granted the blessed privilege of knowing how truly he remained Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end.

Resolved. With sorrowing appreciation of their great loss, that the rector and vestry of Trinity Parish adopt these resolutions with a rising vote, and order copies of them to be filed on the minutes, sent to the bereaved family, and also to the daily papers and leading church periodicals.

A certified copy of the minutes of the vestry of Trinity P. E. Church.

PHILIP R. MOALE,
Secretary.

November 7, 1907.

Asheville, N. C., November 25, 1907.

Whereas, An allwise Providence has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved brother, Thomas W. Patton, who for nearly twenty-five years was an active member of our Council; and,

Whereas, Bro. Thomas W. Patton, who by his integrity, charitable acts and patriotism, showed an example of high

ideals to be followed, and was always ready to voice his sentiment for what he thought was right and best, and in whatever position (private or public), he was placed, acted with ability, integrity and for the good of all; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Thomas W. Patton, French Broad Council, No. 701, Royal Arcanum, loses one of its most prominent members, the city and State one of their most useful and patriotic citizens, his family an affectionate and indulgent husband, father and friend, and be it further

Resolved, That the Council offer its heartfelt sympathy to the widow, children and family in this hour of greatest bereavement. That these resolutions be spread on the Council minutes, a copy be sent to the family and the city papers, and the Charter be draped in mourning for thirty days as a token of our bereavement.

S. Lipinsky,
H. Taylor Rogers,
John Machin,
Committee.

Whereas, In the providence of God, our brother, Thomas W. Patton, has been called to his reward in the higher life, we, the members of the Missionary Committee of the District of Asheville, beg leave to make this record:

First, That we appreciate his great love for the Church, and his unfailing devotion in her behalf.

Second, That in his death we have lost a wise leader, a most devoted and practical worker in the cause of Missions.

Third, That the example of his unselfish life of practical Christian activity has been a help to those who knew him, and his memory will be held dear by the poor and afflicted, for whom he did so much.

Fourth, That this report be made a part of the minutes

of the Missionary Commitee, and a copy be sent to his family.

Respectfully submitted,

W. G. McCready,
McNeely DuBose,
Alfred H. Stubbs,
Committee.

North Carolina Division, U. D. C.,
Asheville, November 14, 1907.

To Mrs. T. W. Patton and Family, Miss F. L. Patton:

As one by one the veterans of our Southern cause answer to the summons of the Captain of the Heavenly hosts, the Daughters of the Confederacy, while bowing in humble submission to Divine authority, mourn the loss of their faithful sympathizers. It is with peculiar sorrow that the Asheville Chapter U. D. C. records the death of Captain T. W. Patton.

We feel that the city has lost a valuable citizen, the poor and needy an ever-willing and helpful friend, and the U. D. C. an honored ex-Confederate who was ever true and faithful to the "Lost Cause."

We, as a Chapter, will revere his memory, and desire to extend to his family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this sad hour of bereavement.

Mrs. E. C. Chambers,
Mrs. F. J. Clemenger,
Mrs. Jas. H. Wood,
Mrs. Ed. McDowell,
Committee.

THE HENRIETTA.

My Dear Mrs. Patton: The Board of Managers of The Henrietta have requested me to convey to yourself and family our deep feeling of sympathy with you at this time.

We know that words are useless to help bear this sorrow, but the human heart must be strengthened by the love of such a great band of friends who are stricken with the same blow, and they would surround you and yours with the loving thought of comfort, that the beautiful life that has been lived beside you has been spared to you so long.

Believe me when I say it has been an inspiration to many and will not cease to be so to many more in time to come. As a Board we feel that we have lost our best friend and adviser, and that a steadfast prop has been taken from this work.

May our Father comfort you all.

Most sincerely,

CHARITY RUSK CRAIG.

November 14, 1907.

After the first sorrow of the news of your loss came these lines recalled themselves to me:

"Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

LINDLEY TRAINING SCHOOL.

We, the Board of Managers of the Lindley Training School, in meeting assembled, wish to place on record the great sorrow we feel at the death of Capt. T. W. Patton, who has ever been the good friend and counsellor of this school, and also of all good works in this city.

And we also extend to Mrs. Patton, our esteemed fellow-worker, our heartfelt sympathy at this time and pray God to comfort her and have her ever in His keeping. To the entire family we would that we could lighten their sorrow,

but we know that the beautiful life will be an inspiration and comfort to them always, and, as time goes by, strengthen them in all life's troubles.

By order of the Board.

M. E. Hilliard, *President.*
C. R. Craig, *Secretary.*

November 16, 1907.

THE WOMAN'S GUILD OF TRINITY PARISH.

My Dear Mrs. Patton: For the Woman's Guild I am instructed to send to you and to Miss Fanny, assurances of our deep and earnest sympathy in your great sorrow.

You have had abundant evidence of the universality of the mourning, and it will be hard indeed, to those of us whose memories are life-long, to all Asheville, and Trinity Parish especially, without the loved and honored figure just withdrawn from us. The annals of the Parish and of the community are full of the good deeds he has done—but there is a longer and a sweeter story still of "that best portion of a good man's life, his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." Your store of precious memories will be ever brightening through the years that remain.

Our hearts are with you all and we pray that you may be helped and comforted.

Sincerely yours,

Mary M. Pulliam,
Secretary W. G.

November 9th, 1907.

DUNEDIN YACHT CLUB.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in His allwise providence to remove from us, by death, our friend and fellow member, Capt. T. W. Patton, we, the members of the

Dunedin Yacht Club desire to put on record our sense of personal loss in his removal from us.

Capt. Patton was a man of singular rectitude of character and life, a man of large and varied sympathy with all the poor, unfortunate and distressed who came within reach of his knowledge—a cultivated Christian gentleman.

He had served his country in time of need, had been honord by his fellow citizens in his own home at Asheville, N. C., having served them in various offices of public trust, including the highest office which they could confer upon him, that of mayor. He was a man diligent and active in every good work for the welfare of the people among whom his life was spent.

His life voyage has ended; he has safely crossed the bar and seen his pilot face to face.

We extend to his widow and family our sincere sympathy with them in their great bereavement, and direct that a copy of this paper be sent to Mrs. Patton.

W. H. Malone,
Commodore.

C. A. J. Grant, *Secretary.*

From Bishop Horner's Convention Address, *June*, 1908:

During the year we have lost a lay officer of this District, whose valuable and distinguished services to the Church in many ways make it fitting that we speak of him. Capt. Thomas W. Patton was for many years the efficient Treasurer of the District. He was a Trustee of the District and was always considered a valuable member of any committee upon which he would serve, and because of his good judgment in all things, he was called upon to serve on as many committees of the Church as his time and strength would permit. Because of his great, valuable and honored service to the Church, I deem it fitting that we depart from our usual custom of placing a memorial page in our Journal to deceased Clergymen only, and have placed there a memorial page to Capt. Thomas W. Patton.

MEMORIAL OF THOMAS WALTON PATTON.

(Taken from Journal of Episcopal Convention.)

These annual gatherings of our Church, besides their formal legislative character, are occasions for pleasant association and opportunities for cementing friendships and stimulating one another to love and good works. Into the texture of these meetings there are introduced from time to time the threads of sorrow and separation—a familiar face is missed, and we learn that another "laborer's work is o'er."

Today we miss the presence of Thomas Walton Patton, and, as we recall the story of his life, we feel that a good man has gone to his reward and that the Church which he so dearly loved has lost a faithful servant, and those who were privileged to know him a dear friend.

His life was passed during the most momentous years of our national history, and his character was necessarily moulded by the influence of those stirring times. Born in the period that we affectionately speak of as the "Old South," he wielded his sword and periled his life for what he esteemed the sacred principles of liberty; and he lived to see the rude scars of war almost completely effaced and a united people occupying the land from the Gulf to the great Northern lakes.

In our conflict with Spain, at an age when most men would have shrunk from the hardships of army life, Captain Patton eagerly embraced them that he might use his veteran experience for the benefit of the untried youths who volunteered in their country's service.

It was characteristic of the man to thus sympathize with the younger generation and to spend himself in any cause which he believed to be right and just.

In the community in which he lived, his high sense of honor, his unblemished integrity, his enthusiasm for civic righteousness commended him to his fellow citizens as one

to whom they could entrust, as they repeatedly did, their most important affairs.

His religious life was marked by a simple earnest piety. He was devoted to the Church and intelligently apprehended her doctrines and modes of worship, which influenced and directed all the circumstances of his life. He took a prominent part in the organized forms of Church activity and was a wise and helpful counsellor in the Conventions of the Diocese of North Carolina, and, after its organization, in the District of Asheville, which he repeatedly represented in the General Convention.

His family life was ideal, and his association with his friends full of sweetness. As his life drew toward its close his religious fervor and deep spirituality were thrown into greater relief as of one who was being wrapt more and more in the spirit of the Lord.

Mourning his loss we esteem his many virtues, and "thank God for the good example of this his servant, who having finished his course in faith, doth now rest from his labors."

R. R. Swope.
J. A. Deal.
R. R. Rawls.
Committee.

On motion of the Rev. Dr. Swope, it was resolved that a memorial page in memory of our late Treasurer, Mr. Thomas W. Patton, be inserted in the proceedings of this present Convention.

In Memorium

Thomas Walton Patton

Born in Asheville, N. C., May 8th, 1841.

Treasurer and Trustee of the District of Asheville since its organization.

Deputy to the General Convention 1904-7.

Vestryman and Senior Warden of Trinity Parish, Asheville, 1867-1907.

Lay Reader at Trinity Church and Neighboring Missions.

Captain of Infantry in the Confederate Service.

Adjutant in the Spanish-American War.

Occupied many public positions of trust and responsibility.

"Thoroughly identified with every phase of life, business, philanthropic and religious, he was the warm friend of the poor, the illiterate, and the outcast."

Died November 6th, 1907.

In Memorium

Since the last annual report we have sustained a very grievous loss in the death of Capt. Thomas W. Patton.

Capt. Patton was one of the original members of the Advisory Board of the Hospital, and was deeply interested in all that concerned the institution.

A patriotic and public-spirited citizen, brave, generous and gentle. We deplore his loss, and wish in this formal and official manner to pay the tribute of our respect to his memory.

Tribute to the Late Capt. Patton by a High School Student.

The seniors of the High School were asked last week to write upon the life of Captain Patton. The following is from Jake Londow, aged 17:

THOMAS PATTON.

"Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature: scorn not one:
The daisy by the shadow that it casts
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun."

Thus wrote the immortal Wordsworth. The thought, though clad in such simple language, is a great truth. Every creature, every being that renders assistance to another deserves credit and even admiration. How much praise and glory is due him who has made thousands happy! Greatness is measured by service done for humanity. Is there anything nobler than to assist in alleviating the suffering of man, or in inspiring him with faith? Abou Ben Adhem, who loved his fellow men, headed the list of those who loved the Lord. Life is indeed an unknown quantity. We cannot understand the purpose of our creation. Yet, the desire to live is common to all, and we instinctively know that we must assist each other in the struggle for existence.

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Looking at greatness from this viewpoint, we must concede that Captain Patton was great as well as noble. He spent the few years allotted him in the interest of humanity. In civil, religious and military affairs he stood in the front ranks. To serve his neighbor, his city, his state, his county, in any capacity, was his ambition.

Thomas Patton was a man of integrity and of fixed principles. He believed in the justness of the Southern cause. The horrors of war and the attending misery did not deter him from fighting for that cause. The close of that civil strife found him willing to forget the past and ready to help build up a great future: to unite the North and South under one glorious flag, and not in theory alone. How many hearts must have been stirred with patriotism as he marched away with his younger brothers to the Spanish-American war! Again was he prepared to aid in a just struggle.

When called upon to take certain offices he gave the city clean, business-like administration. In fact, civic righteousness was his contention.

The Governor of this State called on him several times to serve on the committees of "public institutions" and "charities." In this capacity he appeared the champion of justice, morality and charity. The suffering of the convicts appealed to him, and he urged prison reform. After years of study Capt. Patton was convinced that capital punishment was wrong, and he earnestly desired its abolishment, and when not serving the people officially he was always in the ranks, exerting all his efforts for the poor and miserable as for the whole city. New plans, new reforms were proposed by him in our newspapers. To every cause which he deemed worthy he gave both moral and financial support. In the last letter written to The Gazette-News he expresses hope that the city will build voting places, beautiful in architecture, which will inspire the voter with noble thoughts. He looked forward to a time when suffrage will be extended to women, for he believed that "all mankind are created equal."

In ancient times, the military victors were held in great esteem. The soldier who shed the most blood was the hero of the day. Although the prophecies of the Divine inspired Isaiah have not been realized; although the dream of Tennyson has not yet come true, mankind now knows that not the soldier, but the workman who shapes and moulds a more spiritual humanity, is the true hero, and that his fame will be lasting.

Colored Men's Tribute to Late Mr. Patton.

Editor of The Asheville Citizen:

Please grant space for a colored man's word of humble tribute to the memory of the late Captain T. W. Patton. Out of the goodness of his heart Captain Patton stood by and befriended me and my household through many checkered years —through so many years, in fact, that I saw my children grow from babyhood to manhood and womanhood. During these years there often came to me days that were dark, but no day so dark that it was not in some way relieved by his goodness. And amid his other kindly deeds to me I count his good advice and counsel as no means least, though there were times, perhaps, when I was not as observant of these last as I might have been. What wonder, then, that I should feel impelled to lay upon his honored grave some sprig or leaf in token of grateful remembrance?

Captain Patton was true as steel to the traditions of the better South, that South against which a scrutinizing world finds little or naught to say. He was in all respects one of the South's true noblemen. Though about him there might be apostacy from the Old South's best ideals, he seemed never to forget that the South had a traditional better self, of which he, for one, meant to be worthy. Like a Roman patron come down to these latter days, he lived steadily on in the light of the South's golden age of chivalry. Reflected from the fast-receding years, this beneficent light of Southern characteristic. As anything feature of our American slave-time—each year grows less perceptible as a Southern characteristic. As anything like a pronounced feature, this light of chivalry will some day disappear. Captain Patton manifestly did not intend that it should disappear in him. Thereby guiding himself the meanwhile, he also held the light for others high uplifted, and revealed it anew as the

South's best grace. By every consideration—race, wealth, position, intellectual endowment—he was a man of might; yet to him it were a shame that the strong man, merely because strong, should make any ignoble use of his strength in relation to the weak and lowly. To be sure, he upheld, in the strong and enlightened, the right to guide, lead and rule; but he denied to the strong the right to abuse their power, and laid upon them the obligation to guard and defend the defenseless, and minister in acts of kindly helpfulness to those who are beneath them. Such was his creed, and such his rule of life so far as his humble fellow creatures were concerned. The grand thought that seemed ever to lie big in his great and noble soul was this, that rank imposes obligation. He was one of God's ambassadors to the world, and he delivered his message well. The weary and lowly heard that message, looked up, and were glad, men in high places heard it, and were made ashamed. And now that the last chapter in his book of mortal life has been written and "*finis*" follows after all, he stands before the Maker justified and unaccused. The friend of mankind, he was the friend of God, and trembles before the great white throne. Master Christian that he was in life, his is the victor's crown in the better land. That he may rest in peace, and his sainted memory be embalmed for the keeping of years, is the sincere wish of one that he helped and blessed in life.

E. H. Lipscombe.

Wadesboro, N. C., Dec. 12, 1907.